

# COLLEGE CHEER

Motto: "We Knock to Boost."

Vol. VII. St. Joseph's College, November 18, 1914. No. 5.

## Football.

ST. JOE 33 — HAMMOND MAROONS 0.

Sunday, Nov. 8. — After the first few minutes of the game it was plain that the visitors were entirely outclassed by St. Joe. St. Joe received and carried the ball seventy yards by a series of line plunges and end runs which carried Hammond off their feet. The Maroons were handicapped by the loss of their quarterback who wrenched his knee in the first part of the game. He was followed from the field by Ambos, end for the Maroons, with a broken collar bone. When a few yards from the goal, left tackle Bruin was called back and carried the ball for the first touchdown. Hammond now received; they started with open plays which were used to poor effect. Only three passes were successful of the many that were tried. Jerry Dalton carried a pass for sixty yards, but was penalized twenty yards for a foul by his interference. Hellen gained most ground for St. Joe. He and Bruin were the stars for the home team.

### Lineup:

| St. Joe:   |       | Hammond: |
|--|-------|----------|
| Mc Caffrey   | l e   | Stacker  |
| Bruin  | l t   | Clark    |
| Corbett  | l g   | Seward   |
| Annen  | c     | Lawrence |
| McGinn   | r g   | Kohl     |
| Beckman  | r t   | Bartell  |
| Maloney  | r e   | Ambos    |
| Silverstein  | q b   | Winters  |
| McLaughlin   | l h b | Elbert   |
| Hellen   | r h b | Ricketts |
| Altenbach  | f b   | Dalton   |
| Touchdowns: — Bruin 3, Altenbach 1, Silverstein 1. |       |          |

## JUNIOR FOOTBALL GAME.

The Juniors engaged in a fierce grid-iron battle last Sunday afternoon under the banners of St. Joe and Tigers. It was such an interesting, exciting — I was almost going to say terrifying — struggle, that I do not even remember the final outcome. These fast, furious games have such an overwhelming, perplexing effect on a person that when

the game is over, he is so confused that he can scarcely remember his name or find his way home, let alone keep in his poor mind what the score is. It is simply a setback mentally for the onlooker for a week more or less. It is usually that long at least before he can collect his thoughts sufficiently to know just where he is at and what he is doing. Since it is now so late in the season, perhaps there will be no more such games this year.

## Soliloquy of a Certain Bell.

Oh, a tyrant cruel am I;  
Two hundred my praises sing.  
A desk for my throne,  
Lower study my home —  
A palace for most any king.  
But though down-trodden subject may  
think  
My praises to sing, yet I see  
That deep in his heart,  
Concealed by false art,  
A curse he is treas'ring for me.  
For a wise old monarch am I,  
And for false slaves, dissimulation:  
Him will I haunt,  
To vex be my wont,  
I'll wish him — well, not everlasting  
salvation.  
When freedom seems his to enjoy,  
With all fellow-slaves gathered round:  
Ha! then will I ring,  
Iron tune will I sing  
And his joy dispell by my sound.  
And when the day's sorrows are ended  
And I send him off to his cot,  
Hethinks I repent,  
But I do not relent;  
He too, bye-the-bye, will think not.  
For before his sweet rest is near o'er,  
To his cot in the dorm will I creep:  
With fiendish delight  
Command in my might  
And drag him reluctant from sleep.  
But though a harsh despot am I,  
I can be very kind if I will;  
But people then say,  
In their unthinking way,  
"Much obliged to you, good Brother  
Bill."



### Just off the Wire.

The following composition did not win any medals at the World's Fair, the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, the Exposition at Paris or at the Pan-American Exposition; neither is it apt to take any honors at the coming Panama Exposition; it is simply the result of the literary efforts of one of St. Joe's students:

#### THE POLITICAL SPEAKER.

The political speaker is made up physically of arms, legs, and a voice. In action he resembles a Dutch wind mill playing hop-scotch on the green. He is most in evidence from August till November. His name begins and ends with a capital "I" and he knows how to spell it.

When he enters the political field, the campaign speaker, content with narrow limits of his native town or county and knowing nothing of the great things that lie beyond, he confidently sings, "I will! I will!" But when he has reached a higher stage of perfection, when Washington with its infinite possibilities is the goal, he points back and says "We have done." In the first stage he is harmless, but in the last he is entirely useless, or even noxious.

If he is a Republican he will tell you of the rottenness and inefficiency of the Democratic rule. If he is a Democrat he will return the same compliment to the Republican, and if he is a Progressive the corruption of both the Republican and Democrat will be disclosed. Be he any of these, his forte is to disclose what hypocrites, liars and thieves the other parties are composed of, and what devils incarnate his opponents are. He himself very naturally is a God-fearing, law-abiding citizen; a man from among the people who is going to right the wrongs of suffering humanity and bring peace and happiness to the land. He bemoans the lot of the poor farmer whom the opposing party in power is robbing, which disclosure surprises said poor individual into a state of chronic fear and apprehension. The poor laboring man, too, is frightened almost into anarchism by the tales of the untold sufferings our friend would have him believe he must endure to earn his daily bread.

Thus he goes about pouring about abuse and slander upon his opponents, trying to clear himself of those his opponents have poured out against him, and telling poor common people what fools they are now under the rule of the other party, and what lucky dogs they will be when his party comes into pow-

er. Education of voters with a view to the best selection of candidates, the logical purpose of the political speaker, truth, justice, and disinterestedness are not within his power.

(Note by editor — We do not know to what degree college politics coincide with the above description.)

### Calm of Life.

Lives of Seniors would remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
If they did what prefects always  
Told them of their study time.

Do they always take the warning  
That the worthy prefects give?  
Do they ever think at morning  
How the day they ought to live?

True, it happens on occasions  
That a younger student can,  
In his daily occupations,  
Imitate a Senior man.

But in looking for a model,  
Seniors should be cast aside;  
"Safety First" keep near the throttle:  
Stick to Juniors like a bride.

They're most worthy to be followed  
In the bivouac of life.  
Junior memories, gently hallowed,  
Urge one onward in the strife.

So beware then in the future;  
Trust no man unless you know —  
And in truth you can't be too sure —  
He's a Junior. Saves you woe.  
"The" fellow.

### A. A. Election

An election was held by the Athletic Association last Sunday to fill the vacancies caused by the resignations of certain officers. Following are the results: Benedict Burger, Pres.; Otto Keller, Secy.; George Pohlman, Treas.; Armand Schellinger and Otto Ricks, Board Members

One of Collegeville's most famous citizens, whose name is withheld, says that, as far as he can discover, the difference between the barber and the sculptor is this: The barber curls up and dies; the sculptor makes faces and busts.

Gerwert (at telephone) — Hello!  
Central — What number do you want?  
Gerwert — What numbers have you got?

The boy stood on the burning deck  
And tears rolled down his face.  
But still we're glad he stood up there.  
It helps to fill this space.



## EDITORIALS.

THE events of the two meetings of the Athletic Association last Thursday were a decided digression from the quiet and dignified procedure of former meetings. A few currents, which for some time past have been quietly seething, upon coming into contact with each other, burst out into more or less violent and fitful boiling. While some phases of the affair are very regrettable, it is perhaps well that it happened, for, judging from the course events took, it would most probably have happened sooner or later. It presented an excellent opportunity for every member of the Association to express his opinions regarding some very important athletic matters. We regret, however, that the President, Secretary, Treasurer and two board members should resign their offices, particularly since the Association voted by an overwhelming majority 150—18 not to accept their resignations. We hoped that, even if the election did turn out contrary to expectations, all would cheerfully abide by the result and unite to mend the broken fences. The outcome of this civil war will, of course, affect athletics to some extent during the greater part of the year, especially during basket ball season, for it is rumored that some members of the minority have mutually agreed not to participate in any varsity events. We hope this is not true, but if it is, they alone will be the losers. No individual is necessary to the success of St. Joe athletics. Let us gather our forces, with the confidence that what we lose in numbers and material, we will supply with enthusiasm. With this spirit we can produce a varsity which will be at least equal, if not superior, to the varsities of former years.

WE hope that all our readers will regard the above editorial in the light in which it was written. We have attempted to give an unprejudiced and unbiased opinion of the affair, neither courting the favor of anyone nor apologizing to anyone. It has always been and always will be the policy of the "Cheer" to work for the welfare of the students of St. Joseph's. The very life of the "Cheer" depends on them, so it is very evident that we cannot afford to offend anyone.

WE are all shivering as the result of the cold wave which struck Collegeville Monday morning, or rather Sunday

night. This is the kind of weather that makes us realize the necessity of a gym; it also makes us look forward with pleasant anticipations to the time when our new gym will be ready for occupancy. Cheer up! that time is not so very far off any more. In a couple weeks we will be able to use the north basement, for the contractor is rushing the work as much as possible in that part of the building. Since we have been deprived of the convenience of a gym for so long, we will undoubtedly appreciate ours so much the more when we do get it.

THE editor of the Cheer has his troubles the same as any other poor mortal. Sometimes he has all kinds of copy, and again he has all he can do to scare up enough to fill his six little columns. Occasionally some one gives him an article of some kind or another which is hardly up to the standard; in that case he must explain in some manner why he cannot accept it. Very often it is a difficult matter to explain it in such a manner that he will not give offence. Once in a while some one approaches him very indignant because he figured in a joke—one of those harmless little ones which you occasionally find in the columns of the Cheer. Try as hard as we may, often we can't make him see that no offence was intended. We are not of a very pugnacious nature or most probably we would long ago have changed the geography of the facial portion of our anatomy. Some are displeased because their names do appear, others because they do not. But such is life.

## LOCALS.

McGahey—Before I was kee-high to a duck, I could play a violin with my left hand.

Koenig—That's nothing; before I even knew what a violin was, I played with my toes.

Schaeper (in history class) — The inhabitants of England are divided into three classes, the upper classes, the middle classes, and the pheasants.

Koenig—Speaking of the Glee Club, what do you think of Tompkins' execution?

Falk — Why, I am heartily in favor of it.

Math. Prof — DeJaco, define a proportion.

Louie— I don't think I can. I knew it once, but you explained it last week and I haven't known it since.



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